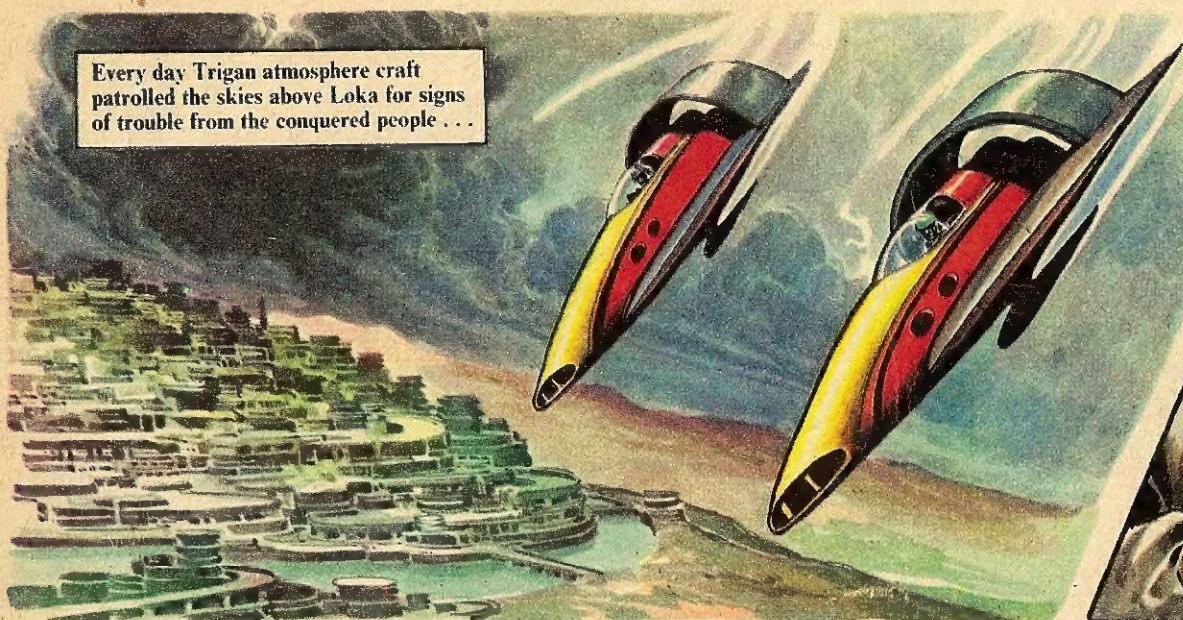


The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Years before, the treacherous and warlike Lokan nation had been defeated in battle by the Trigans, and the Trigans occupied Loka with troops and an air fleet—being determined that never again would the Lokans become a menace to the Planet Elekton.

Every day Trigan atmosphere craft patrolled the skies above Loka for signs of trouble from the conquered people . . .

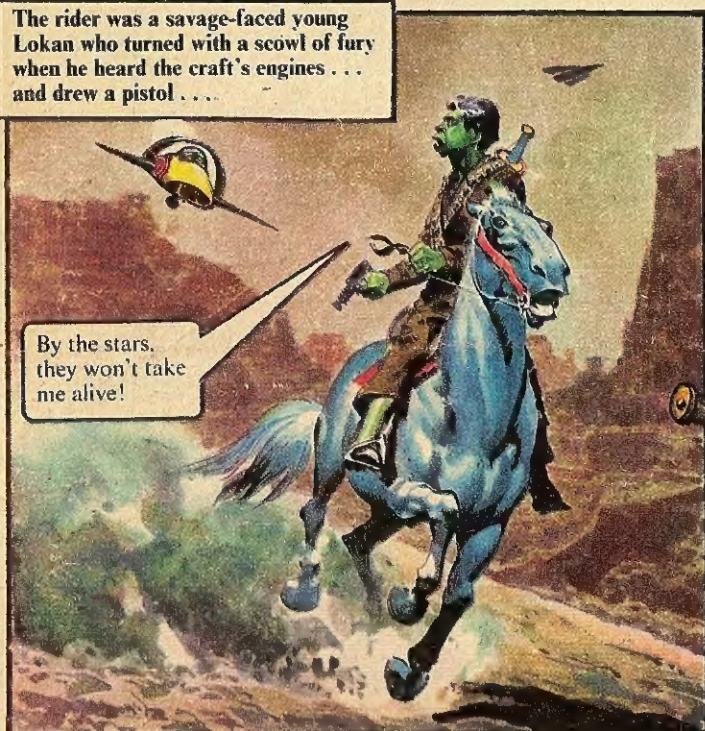


One fateful day, the keen eyes of a Trigan pilot spotted a movement on the sandy plain below . . .



There's a man riding a kreed down there . . . looks like a Lokan . . . I'm going down to investigate!

The rider was a savage-faced young Lokan who turned with a scowl of fury when he heard the craft's engines . . . and drew a pistol . . .



By the stars, they won't take me alive!

He fired . . .

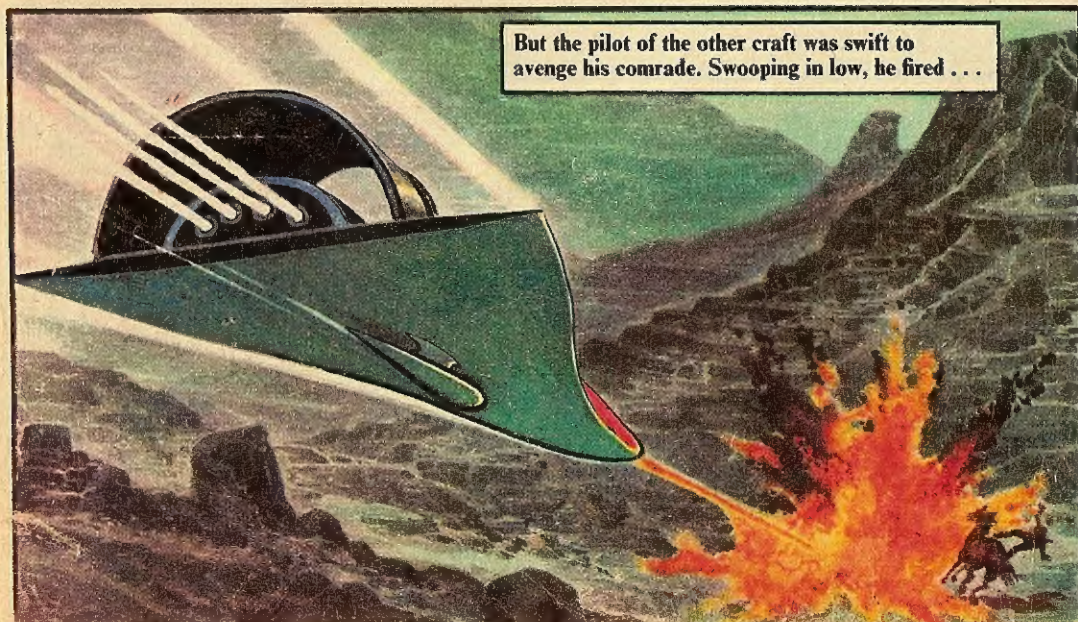


So perish all Trigans!

The disintegrator found its mark . . . and the stricken craft spun, flaming, to destruction.



But the pilot of the other craft was swift to avenge his comrade. Swooping in low, he fired . . .



Landing, the Trigan pilot went over to the fallen Lokan. He found him still alive, but unconscious . . .



He will live to face Trigan justice!

The prisoner made a swift recovery from his wound. Later he was led in chains through the city of Loka.



They have captured Nachat . . . and now they are going to try him!

The Lokans watched in sullen fury . . .

Nachat has done well . . . he has carried out a one-man war against the Trigans for nearly a year. You should be proud of him. Kalek!



I am indeed proud of my son!

Nachat the rebel was taken before the Trigan Governor of Loka.

You have defied the laws of Trigan which say that no citizen of Loka may bear arms. You have treacherously slain many of my men . . .

I wish I had slain thousands more . . . including yourself!



Take him away! Set him to work in the mines . . . for the rest of his life!



Nachat's father watched from the crowd . . . and in that moment, he came to a terrible decision.



How long must we be oppressed by these accursed Trigans?

I shall not rest till there is no Trigan left alive in Loka!

That same day, Kalek journeyed far into the wilderness of Loka.



There is someone wiser than I . . . wiser than anyone amongst our people who will show me the way!

He came, at length, to a cave cut into a mountainside. A great drum hung there . . . and he struck the drum a mighty blow so that the sound echoed and re-echoed against the rocky walls . . .



The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous and warlike Lokans resent the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, and one of them—Kalek—has sworn to destroy the Trigans. He journeys to the wilderness to seek advice . . .

In answer to the pounding of the massive drum, a strange figure emerged from the cave mouth . . .

Who disturbs the peace of the wise woman of Loka?

Kalek fell on his knees before the half-legendary wise woman of his people.

O Wise One . . . Tell me how our people can be rid of the Trigans who oppress us . . .

The Trigans are powerful, but their very strength can be their destruction. *You must make them destroy themselves!*

Kalek was puzzled by her answer. And then she led him to a spur of rock and pointed across the plain.

What do you see?

A herd of Zargots . . . fighting amongst themselves . . .

Zargots . . . the most savage wild beasts on the planet Elektion . . . so ferocious that they fought even their own kind.

Then the old woman stooped and picked the red flower of a plant growing nearby.

The Zargot eats nothing but the flower of the wild choris. It is the poisoned sap of the choris that gives the Zargot its blind, unreasoning savagery. Without the choris, the Zargot would be harmless, for all its size . . .

Feed Trigo—the ruler of Trigan—with the sap of the choris every day, and he will become like a wild beast . . . a cruel tyrant who will speedily be overthrown by his people. *And without Trigo, the Trigan Empire will perish!*

Kalek saw the wisdom of the cunning plan . . . but . . .

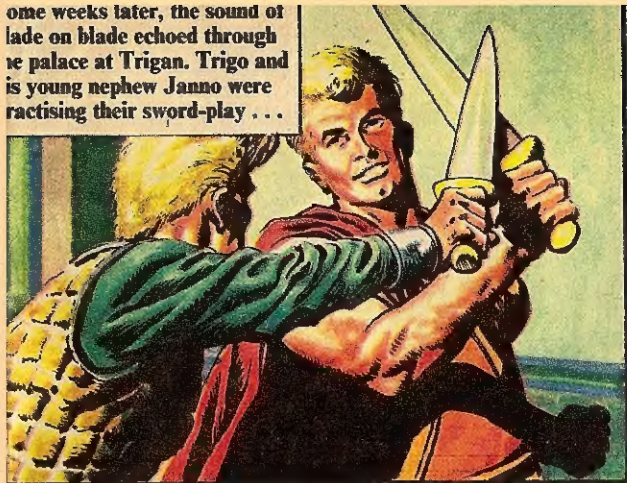
But . . . how can Trigo be made to eat the choris every day?

It can be arranged . . .

The wise woman called out . . . and a girl emerged from the cave mouth . . .

My granddaughter, Amala, will journey to Trigan and do what has to be done!

One week later, the sound of blade on blade echoed through the palace at Trigan. Trigo and his young nephew Janno were practising their sword-play...



Well done, lad... we'll make a master swordsman of you yet.

A sweetmeat, uncle. There's a young Lokan woman who sells sweetmeats from a stall in the market place. Like one? ... They're very good.



You're forever eating, you greedy young rascal. What is it now?

Good-humouredly, the ruler of the Trigan Empire accepted a sweetmeat... and in doing so he condemned his empire to a disaster!



Mmmm... very good. I must ask Salvia to get me some...

... by the way, I'm thinking of ordering a new sword. One of tougher temper...

Next day, Salvia... who acted as housekeeper in the palace... went shopping in the market place. She went to the sweetmeat stall.



Your sweetmeats have found favour with Lord Trigo.

I am honoured.

Amala turned her face away to hide her smile of savage triumph.



I will make a special supply for Lord Trigo... every day!

NEXT WEEK: THE POISON BEGINS TO WORK!

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The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous and warlike Lokans bitterly resent the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, and one of them—Kalek—has sworn to destroy the Trigans. With the help of the wise woman of Loka, he plans to turn Trigo into a tyrant by feeding him the poisonous choris flower... Trigo is to eat the poison daily in sweetmeats...

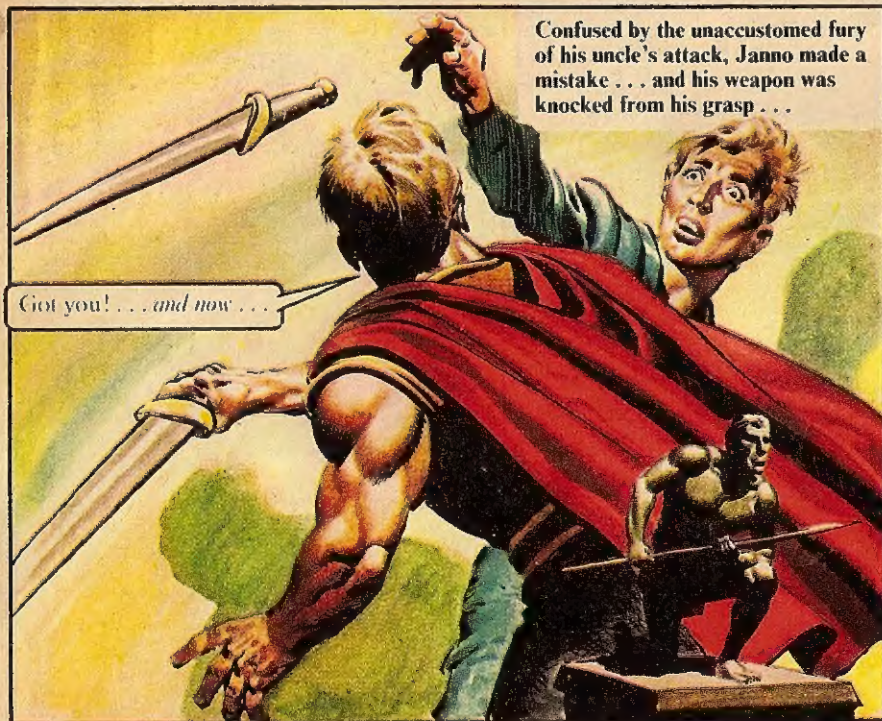
Some days later young Janno called to see his Uncle Trigo. The ruler of Trigan tossed a sword to his nephew...



Next instant, Trigo hurled himself at Janno with downswinging blade.



Confused by the unaccustomed fury of his uncle's attack, Janno made a mistake... and his weapon was knocked from his grasp...



Janno stumbled as he backed away in alarm, and the action saved his life... Trigo's sword struck him a glancing blow!



Trigo's sword was raised on high above the stricken lad, but his wrist was caught in a grip of steel...



You've wounded him... if I hadn't stopped you, you would have killed him!



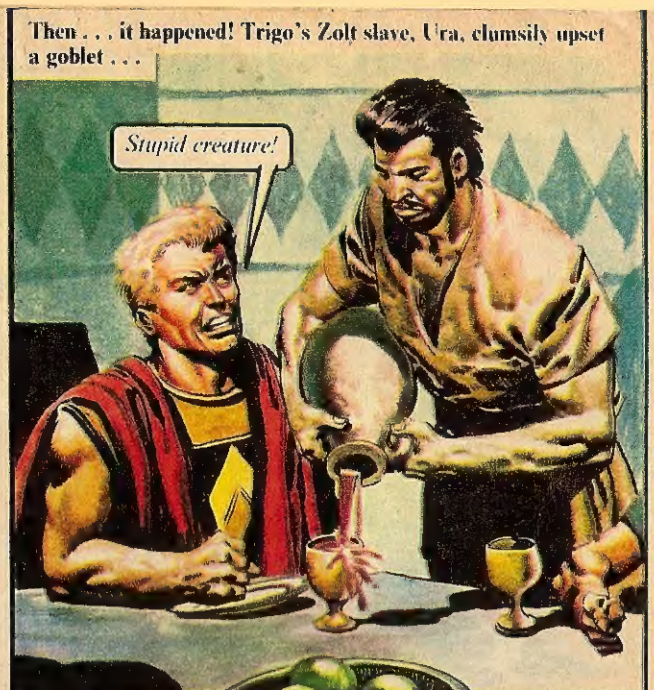
Brag's honest eyes were clouded with worry as he regarded his brother...





That night there was a feast in the great hall of the palace. Trigo sat at the head of the table, brooding blackly. He ate little . . . but nibbled at the dish of sweetmeats at his elbow . . .

The sweetmeats were steeped in the poisoned juice of the choris flower!



Then . . . it happened! Trigo's Zolt slave, Ura, clumsily upset a goblet . . .

Stupid creature!



Leaping to his feet, Trigo felled the Zolt with one blow!

You did that on purpose . . . and, by the stars, you will pay dearly!



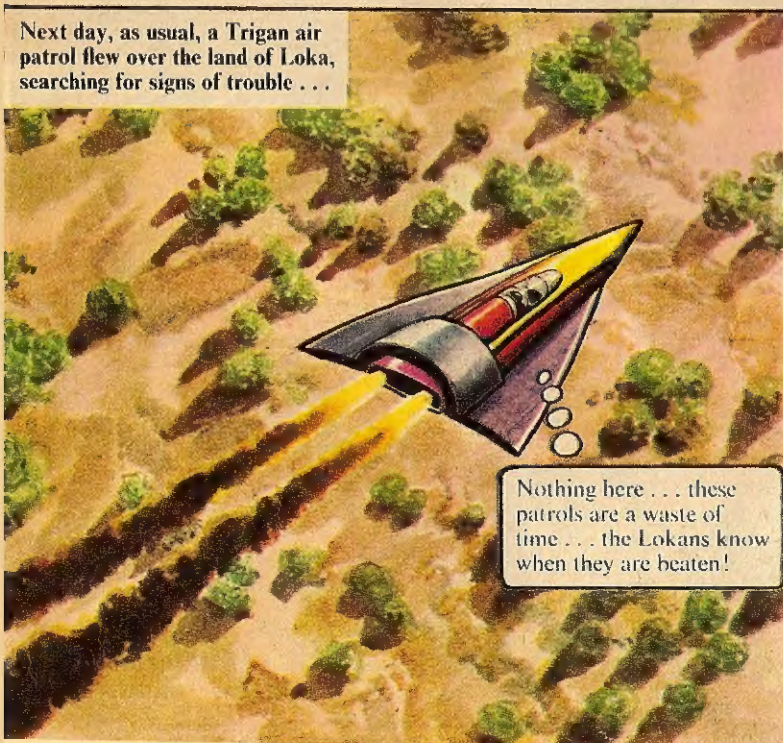
His voice rose to a wild pitch of fury as he called to the guards.

Take him away . . . he'll die for that . . . when I have devised a suitable end for him!



And Brag thought . . .

Ura the Zolt is devoted to Trigo, and Trigo knows it! I don't like this . . . I don't like it at all . . .



Next day, as usual, a Trigan air patrol flew over the land of Loka, searching for signs of trouble . . .

Nothing here . . . these patrols are a waste of time . . . the Lokans know when they are beaten!



Little did the pilot know that a host of armed Lokans watched him from the cover of the trees below . . . and Kalek was amongst them . . .

A few more weeks . . . when Trigan's behaviour has driven his people to destroy him . . . and then we strike!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Determined to destroy the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, the treacherous Lokans under their leader Kalek have formed a secret army, all ready to strike as soon as the Trigans have rebelled against their ruler Trigo . . . for Trigo is being fed the poisoned juice of the choris flower, which is turning him into a tyrant . . .

Flying low over the wooded plain of Loka, a Trigan atmosphere craft wheeled and circled . . .



No sign of trouble . . . I'll return to base . . .

Keren was at the controls. Suddenly, he saw the flash of sunlight glinting on steel amongst the trees below.

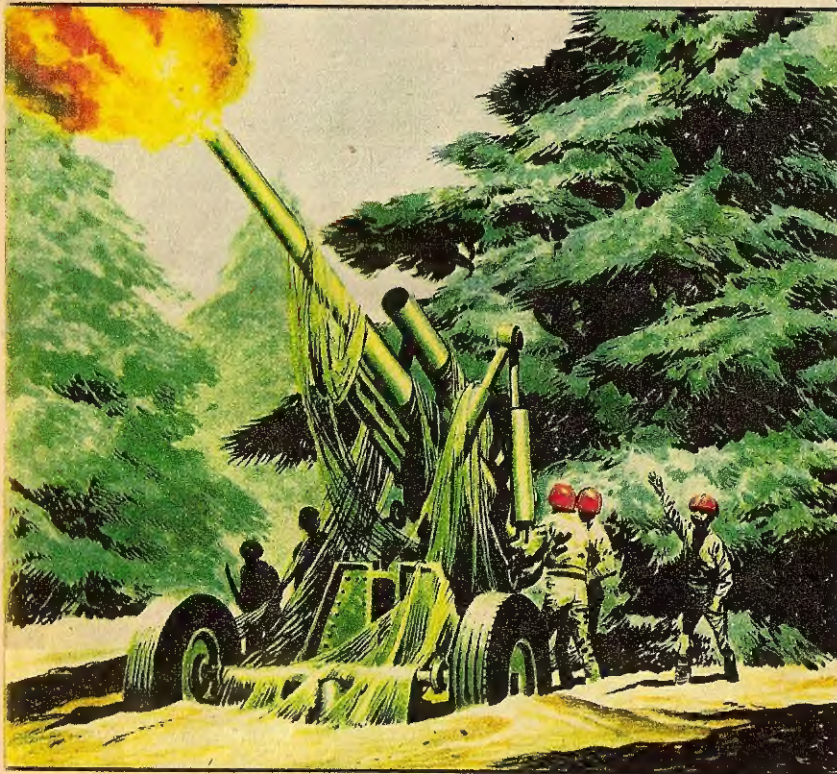


There's something down there!

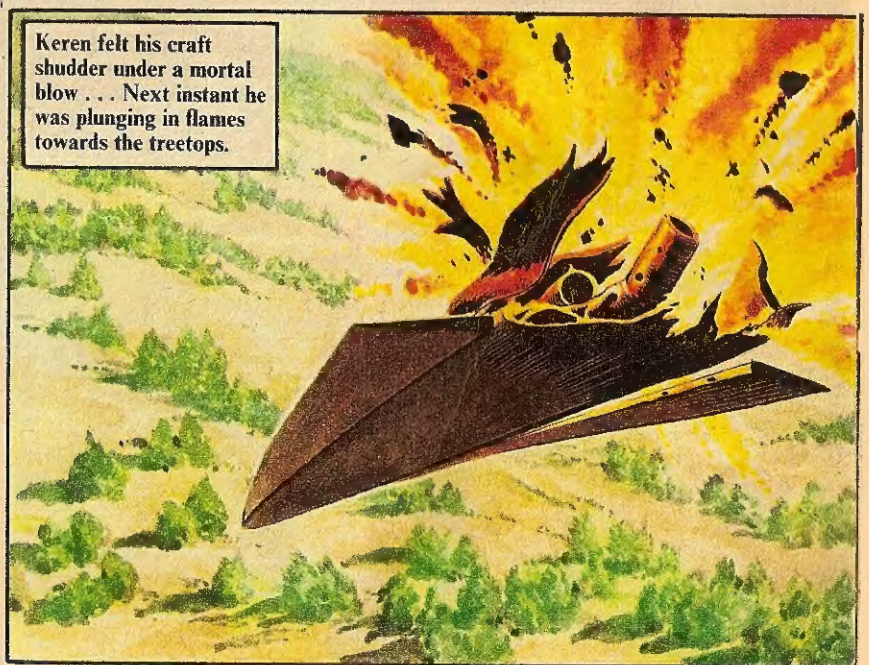
The secret Lokan army were hidden below. When he saw the craft descending to investigate, Kalek snarled a savage order.



He's seen us! . . . Shoot him down!



Keren felt his craft shudder under a mortal blow . . . Next instant he was plunging in flames towards the treetops.



By a miracle, the young pilot escaped destruction, and was dragged from the wreckage. He was astounded to see the mass of armed Lokans.



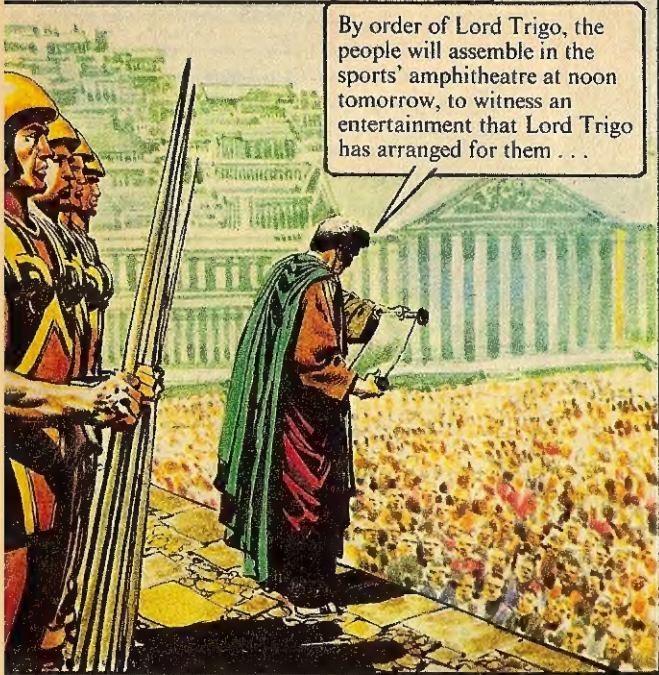
By the stars . . . there's an army hidden here!

Kalek, the leader of the rebels, grinned triumphantly . . .



Yes! and we will overthrow the Trigans . . . as soon as they have got rid of Trigo!

That very day, a strange announcement was made in the great square of the city of Trigan.



By order of Lord Trigo, the people will assemble in the sports' amphitheatre at noon tomorrow, to witness an entertainment that Lord Trigo has arranged for them . . .

At noon the next day, the citizens gathered in the vast amphitheatre, still wondering what it was all about . . .



What's going to happen?

We'll soon find out . . . Here comes Lord Trigo!

Trigo's voice . . . unusually harsh and savage . . . rang out . . .



My people! Today you will witness a performance which will amuse you greatly . . . let the entertainment begin!

A door opened into the arena, and the massive figure of Trigo's faithful Zolt slave, Ura, stepped into the sunlight . . .



What's Ura doing down there?

And why the sword?

A few seconds later, another door opened . . . and two fearsome-looking beasts rushed, snorting, into the arena.



As one man, that vast audience rose to its feet in alarm, and Brag stared, unbelievably, at his brother . . .

Trigo: You can't mean this! All the Zolt did was upset a goblet . . . you can't condemn him to fight two Zagras with a puny sword!



Why not? I'm the Lord of Trigan, and I can amuse myself how I please!

Without hesitation, gallant Brag drew his sword . . . and vaulted into the arena . . .



Then, by the stars, he'll not fight alone!

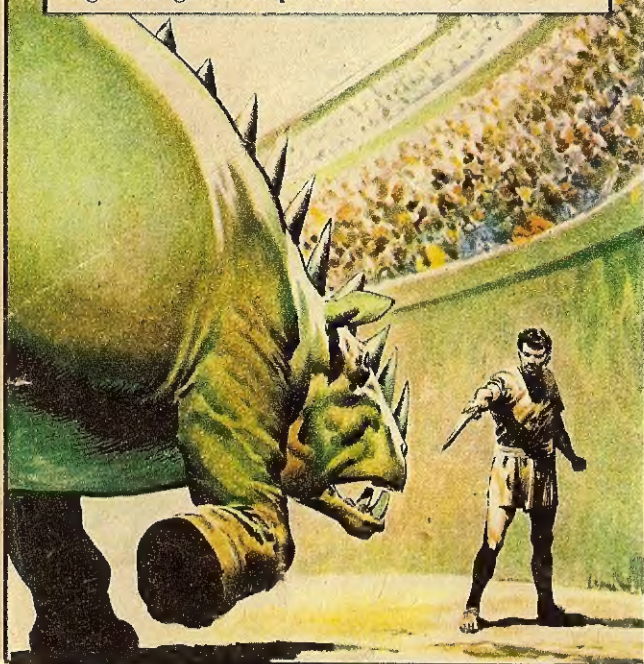
Brag . . . No!

Let him go . . . it will be all the more amusing with two of them!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Determined to destroy the Trigans who have conquered and occupy their country, the treacherous Lokans are plotting to turn the Trigans against their ruler Trigo. Trigo is being fed the poisoned juice of the choris flower, which is turning him into a tyrant. Trigo condemns his faithful Zolt slave to fight two savage Zagras in the amphitheatre . . .

The vast audience watched with bated breath as one of the Zagras charged down upon Ura the Zolt.



Next instant, Ura was swept skywards by the massive horned head of the Zagra.



Brag was racing to the rescue . . . and he saw his own peril!

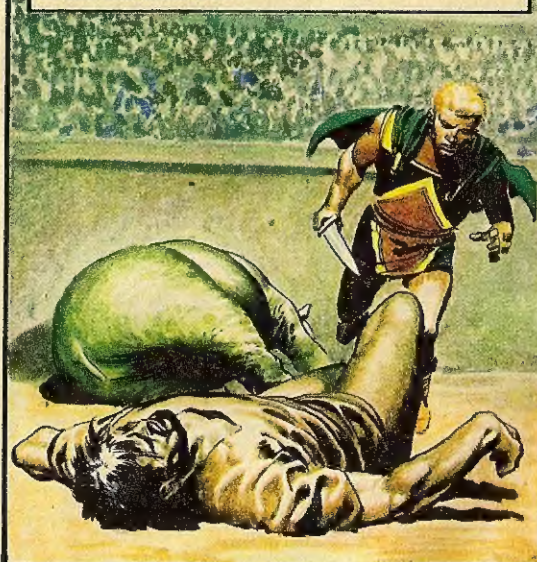


He waited until the savage creature was nearly upon him . . . then he dropped to the ground . . .



. . . as the Zagra passed over him, he drove his sword upwards!

The Zagra died instantly, and Brag rushed forward to the fallen slave . . .



He snatched Ura from under the very horns of the second Zagra . . .



. . . and leaped for safety with the maddened monster at his heels!



Trigo was beside himself with fury at his brother's action.



How dare you interfere with the amusement I have provided for my people?

Trigo . . . you must have taken leave of your senses . . .

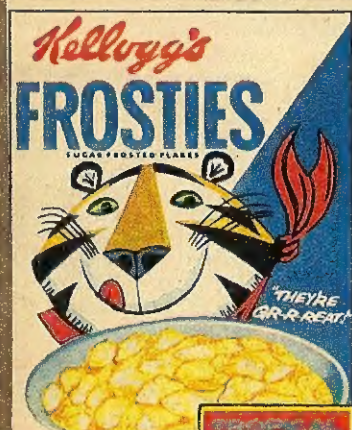


NEXT WEEK: Trigo's madness drives him to more acts of tyranny.

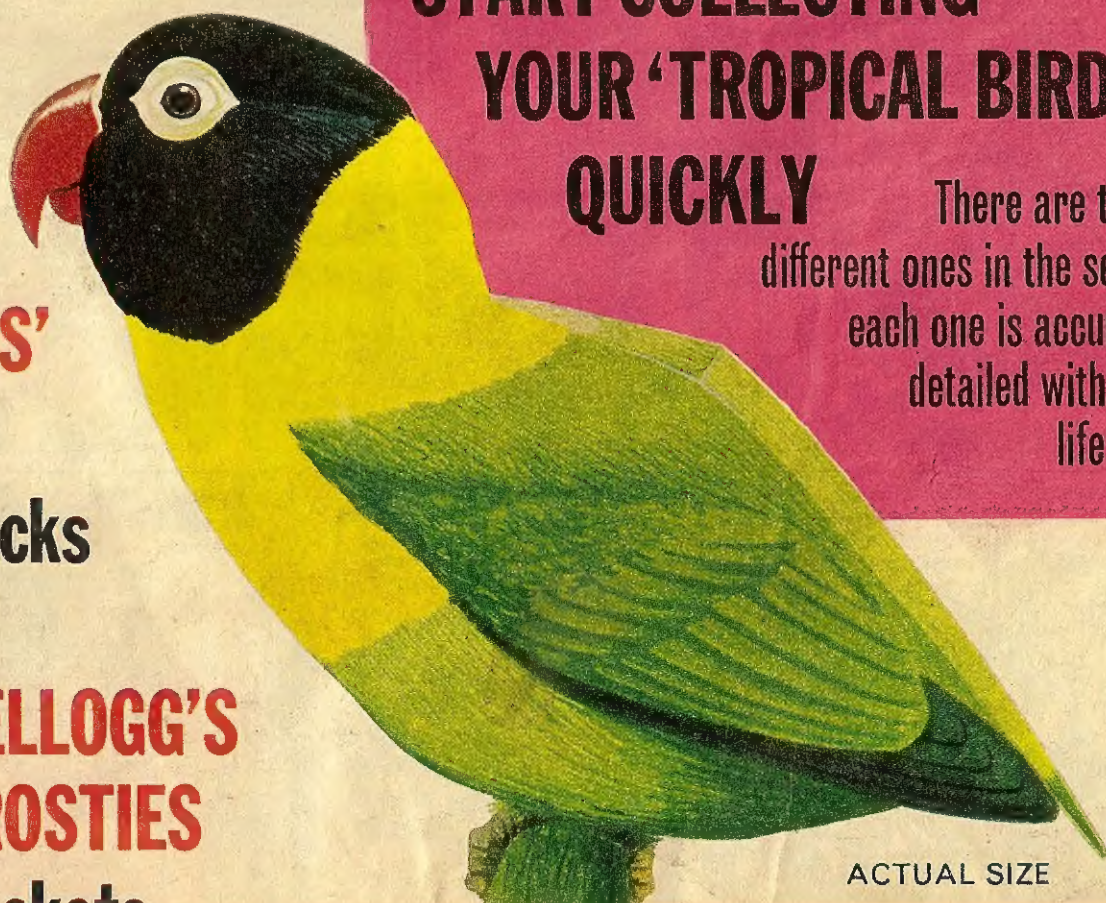
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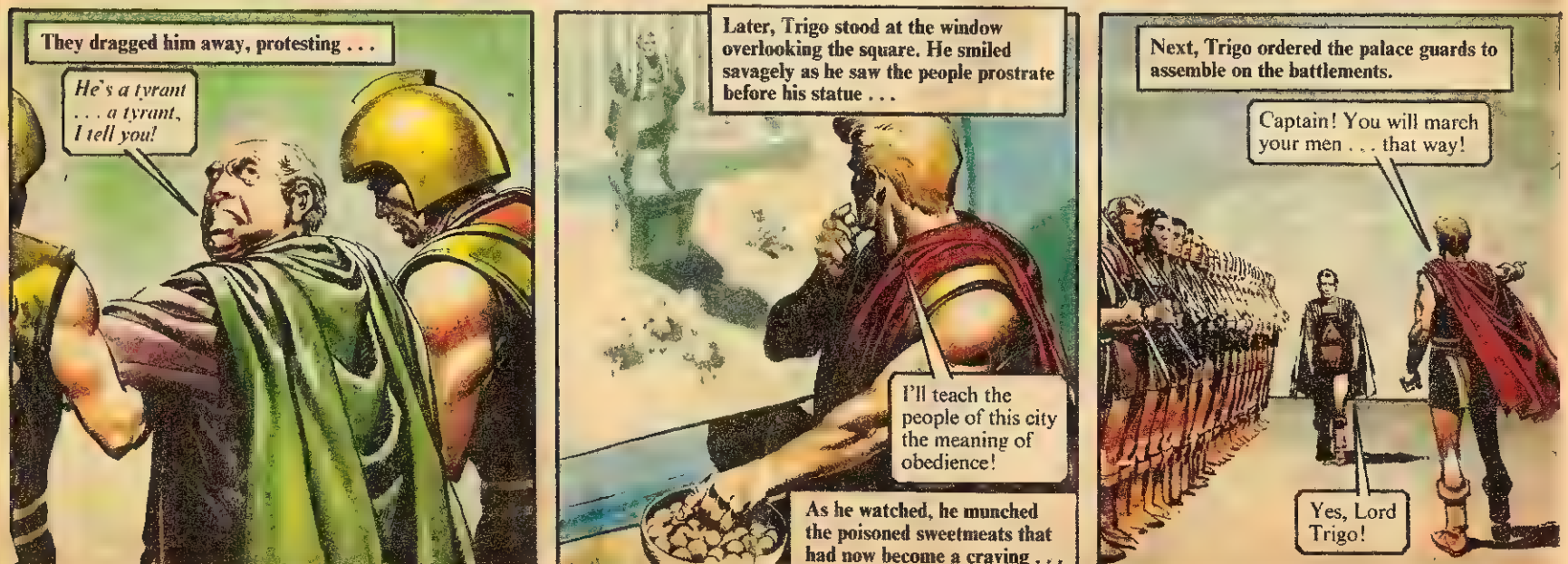
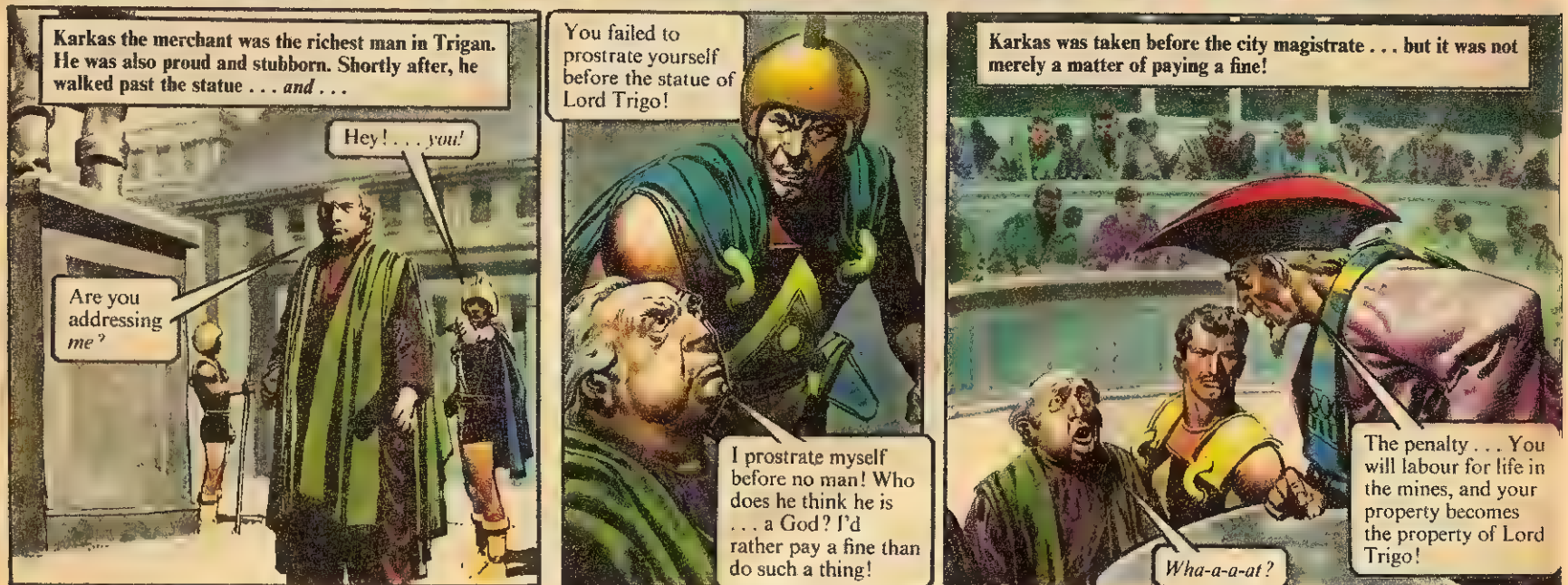


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of
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FROSTIES**
packets

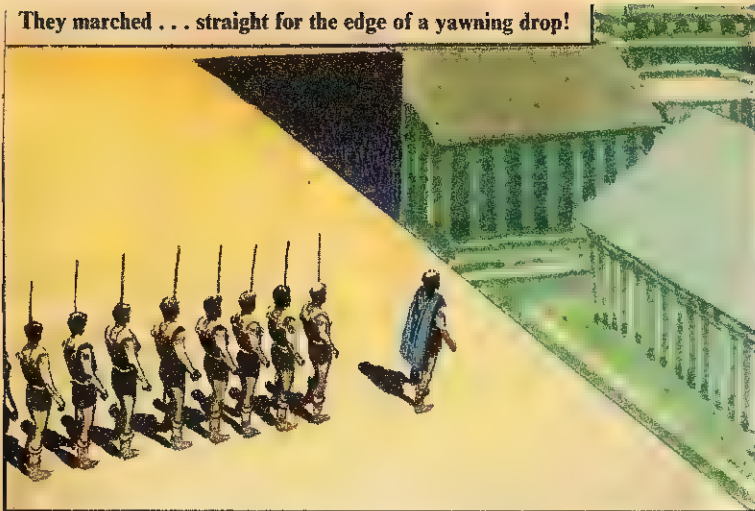


The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Determined to destroy the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, the treacherous Lokans are plotting to turn the Trigans against their leader Trigo and they have Janno's friend, Keren, as prisoner. Trigo is slowly being poisoned with the juice of the choris flower, which is turning him into a tyrant.



They marched . . . straight for the edge of a yawning drop!



At the last moment, the captain raised his arm!

Halt!



Why do you stop? It is a soldier's duty to obey!

It is not a soldier's duty to die at the whim of a tyrant!

You will regret those words, wretch . . . Oh, yes . . . you will regret them bitterly as you slave in the mines . . .



Meanwhile, in the hidden encampment of the secret Lokan army, the rebel leader Kalek was addressing his men . . .

I have news from our spy in Trigan . . . our plan goes well . . . the people of the city are all ready to overthrow Trigo, and when that happens, we will march . . . and destroy them!



Young Keren was a prisoner of the secret army. He heard Kalek's words . . . and despaired.

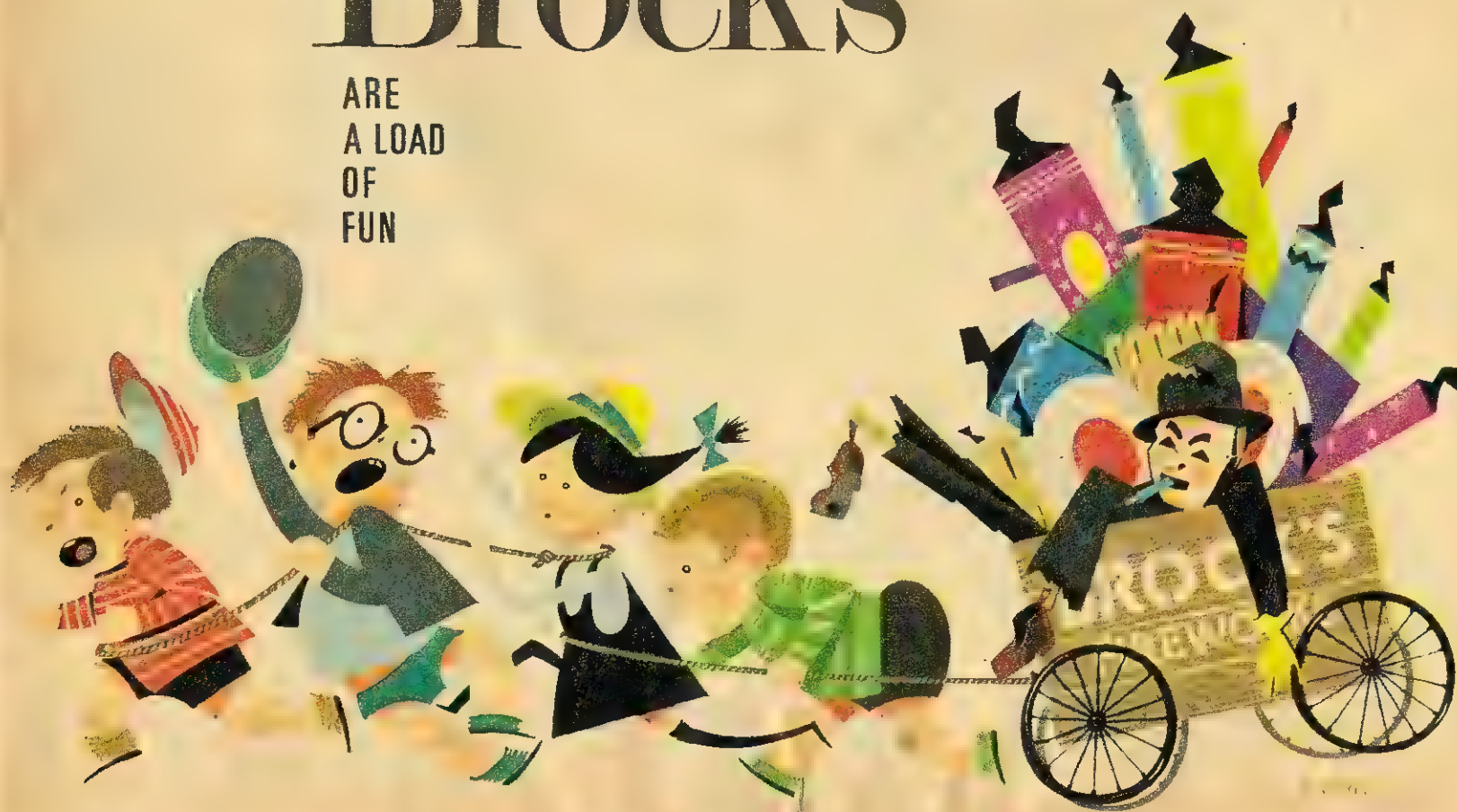
I've got to get away and warn Trigo . . . but how . . . how?



NEXT WEEK: A PLOT TO RID TRIGAN OF ITS TYRANT

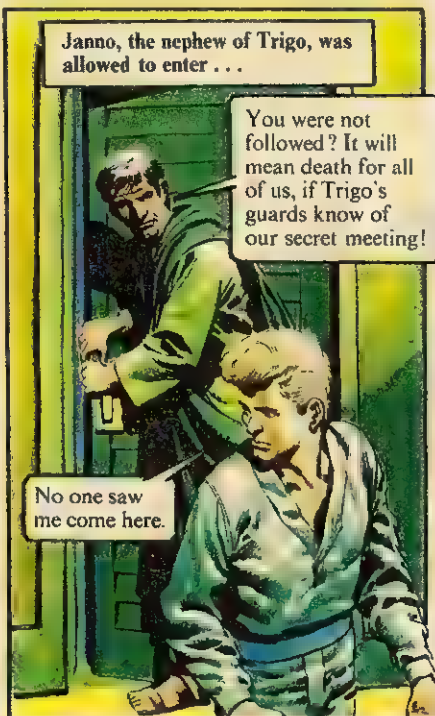
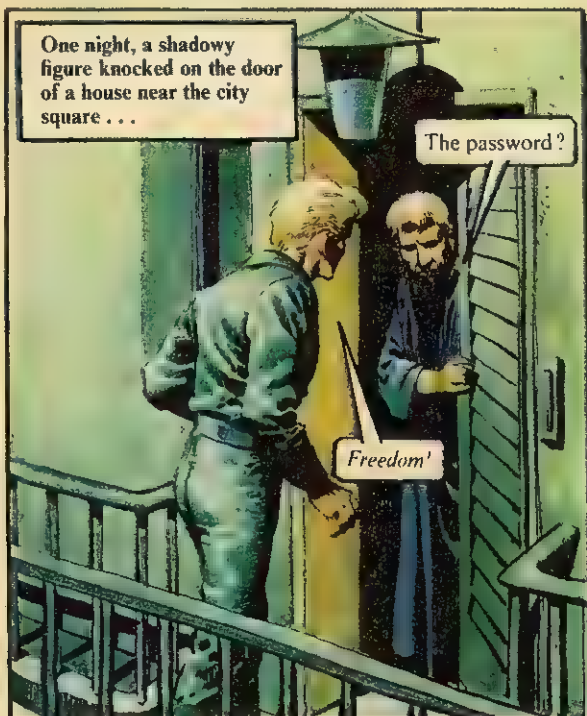
Brock's

ARE
A LOAD
OF
FUN



The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Determined to destroy the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, the treacherous Lokans are plotting to turn the Trigans against their leader Trigo. Trigo is being poisoned with the juice of the choris flower which is turning him into a tyrant . . .





You summoned me, Lord Trigo.

Yes! . . . you will send this message to your leader, Imbala . . . tell him that, as from today, Daveli became a part of the Trigan Empire!



The ambassador protested . . .

You cannot mean this, Lord Trigo . . . Imbala is your blood-brother . . . his son, Keren, was recently lost whilst serving in the Trigan air fleet . . . the people of Daveli are your friends . . .

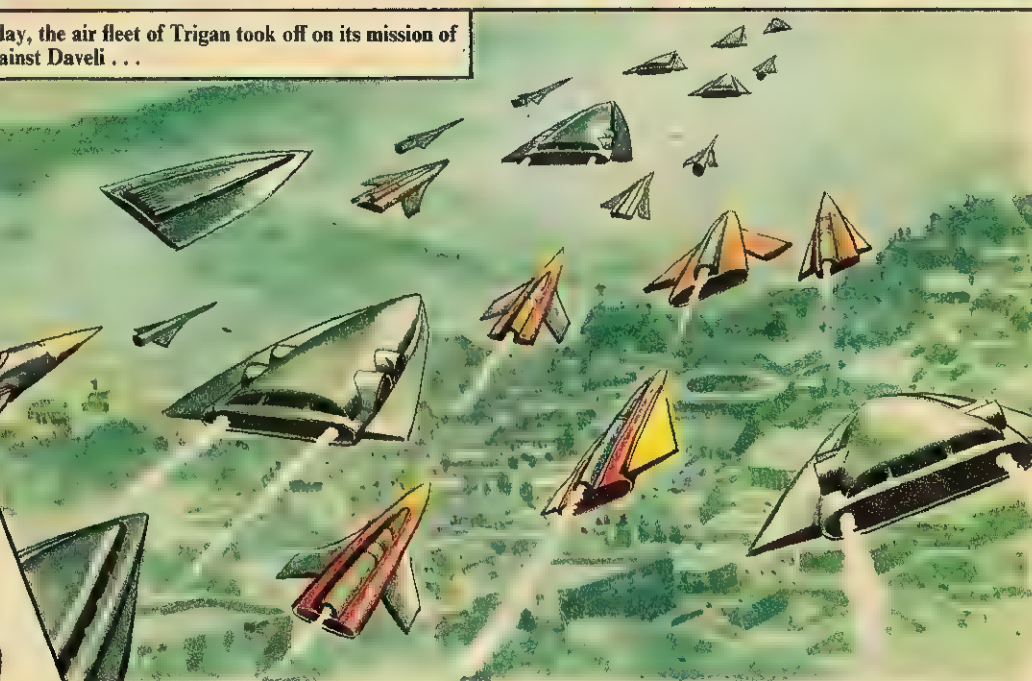
Not my friends . . . My vassals!

Trigo bared his teeth with savage delight . . .



And tomorrow, my air fleet will bomb them into submission!

At noon next day, the air fleet of Trigan took off on its mission of destruction against Daveli . . .



Trigo watched them go . . .

Let us hope that the people of Daveli do not submit too quickly . . . I would like to think that there will be much destruction!



Old Peric came to a decision, then . . .

The time has come! We must destroy him . . . Now!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Determined to destroy the Trigans who have conquered and occupied their country, the treacherous Lokans have successfully turned the Trigans against their leader Trigo by poisoning him with the juice of the choris flower, which has turned him into a tyrant . . .

As the air fleet vanished in the distance, Trigo turned . . . to find himself facing a ring of levelled blades . . .



Wise old Peric rasped an order!



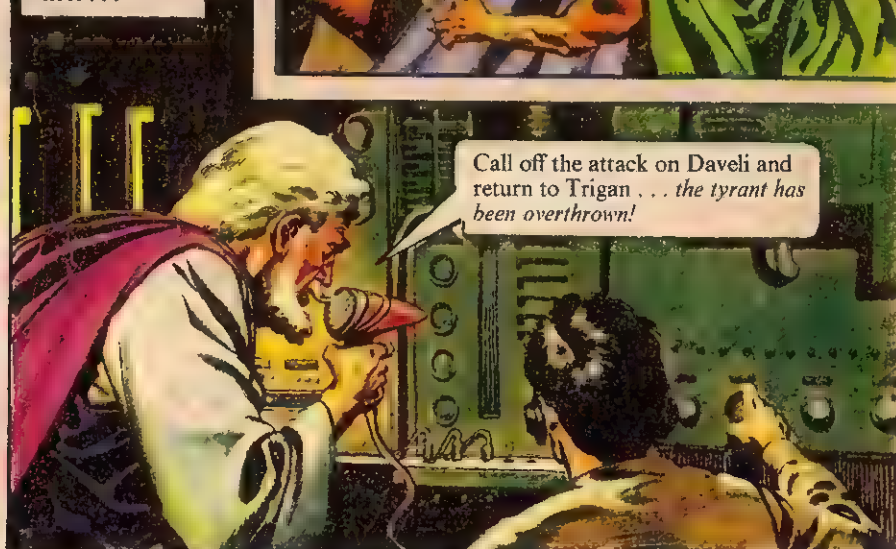
Trigo's own sword cleared its scabbard, and then began a desperate, hacking affray . . .



. . . but he was greatly outnumbered, and the flat of a sword blade brought him crashing to the flagstones.



And then Peric spoke to the air fleet . . .



The news was received with great rejoicing by the air fleet . . .



That same afternoon, the Lokan girl who kept a sweetmeat stall in the Trigan market place called round to the kitchen door of the palace, where she was greeted by Peric's daughter Salvia . . .



And so, in the dungeon beneath the palace where they had locked him, Trigo was able to munch the sweetmeats that had become a craving . . .



When the Lokan girl returned, she sent a message to her people . . .

Trigo has been overthrown, and is awaiting trial . . . the hour has come to strike!



At the camp of his secret rebel army in Loka, Kalek received the news with savage joy.

Trigo is leaderless! We march at sunset! Death to all Trigans!

Death to the Trigans!



A prisoner of the secret army, young Keren saw the preparations for battle . . .

Without Trigo to lead them, the Trigans will be a rabble!

We'll wipe out their air fleet on the ground . . .



Later, towards Sunset, one of his guards brought a platter of rough food and untied his bonds . . .



Enjoy your supper . . . it's the last meal you'll ever eat!

Seconds later . . .

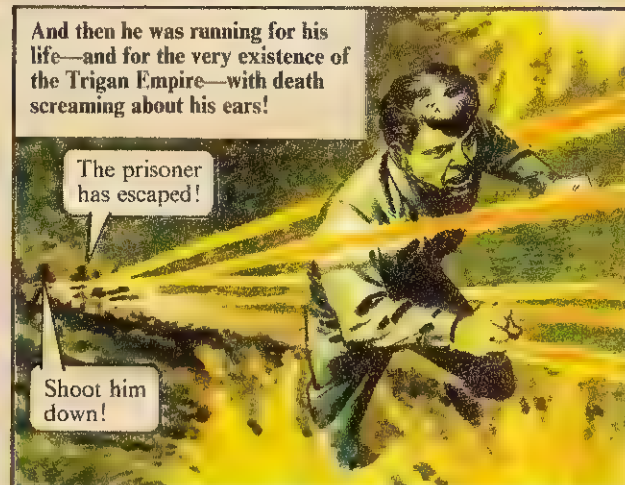


Aaaagh!

And then he was running for his life—and for the very existence of the Trigan Empire—with death screaming about his ears!

The prisoner has escaped!

Shoot him down!



Next Week: Keren's struggle to save the Trigans!

Brock's

ARE
A LOAD
OF
FUN



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The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous Lokans have successfully turned the Trigans against their leader Trigo by poisoning him with the juice of the Choris flower which has made him into a tyrant, and now they are ready to drive the leaderless Trigans from their country. The Lokans' young prisoner, Keren, makes a desperate escape attempt . . .



This saved his life. He lay where he had fallen, and the furious Lokans swept past his hiding place . . .

Which way did he go?

This way . . .



He struck out across the plain. But he had injured his leg in the fall, and the going was painfully slow.

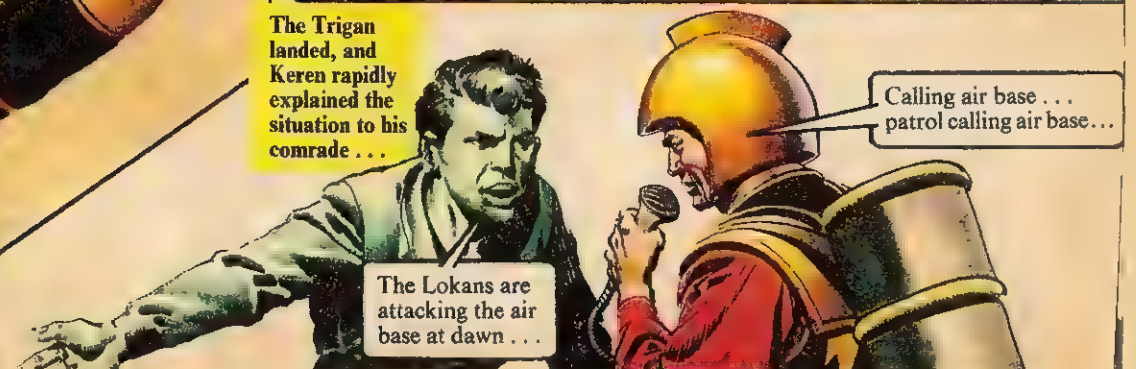
Only an hour till dawn . . . I'll be too late!

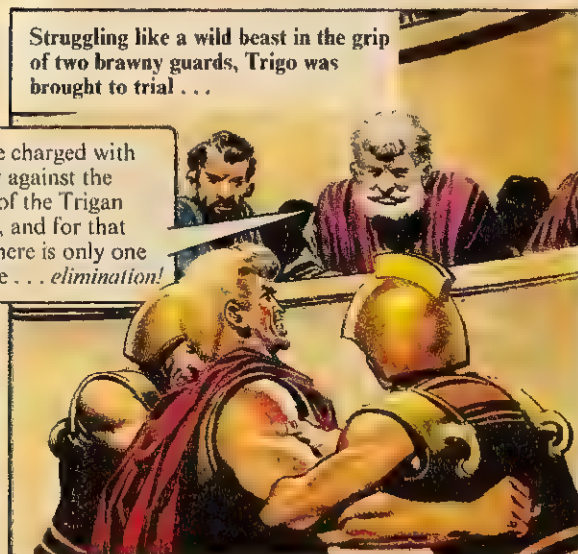
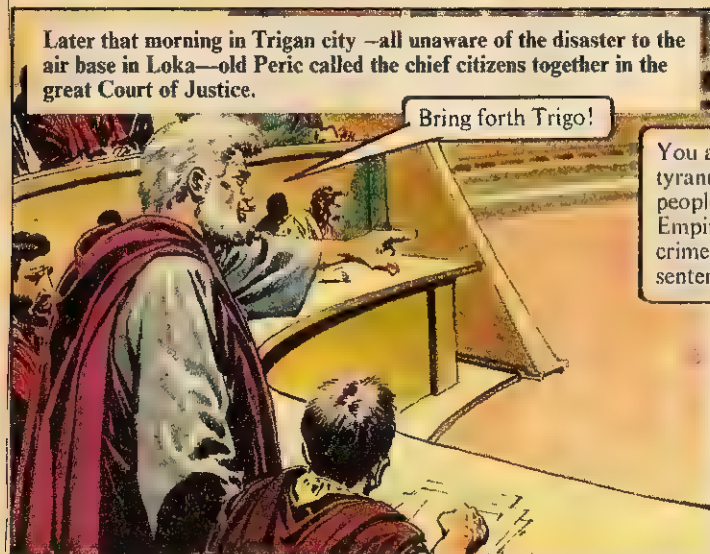


The Trigan landed, and Keren rapidly explained the situation to his comrade . . .

The Lokans are attacking the air base at dawn . . .

Calling air base . . . patrol calling air base . . .





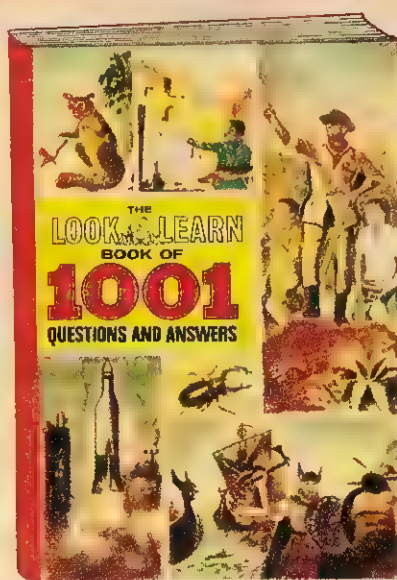
Next Week: Trigo the tyrant takes his punishment.

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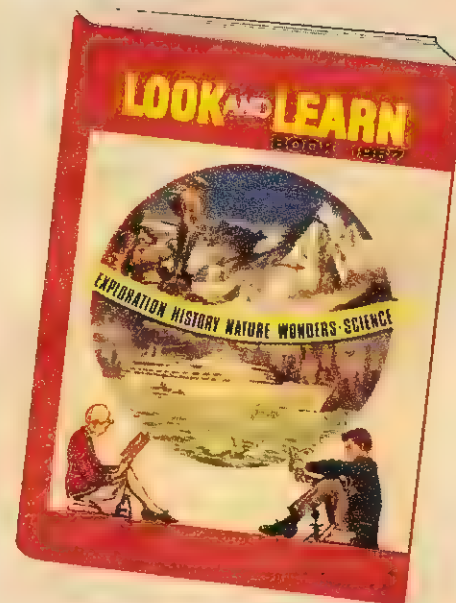
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The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous Lokans have successfully turned the Trigans against their leader Trigo by poisoning him with the juice of the Choris Flower which has turned him into a tyrant. Now Trigo is about to be condemned by his own people . . .

With a cry of fury, Trigo burst from the grasp of his guards and leapt for his old friend Peric, his chains flailing . . .

No doddering old rebel condemns Trigo the Mighty!



Peric was dashed to the ground, and would have fared badly but for the swift intervention of an officer who felled Trigo with the flat of his blade.

Then Peric uttered the dread sentence.

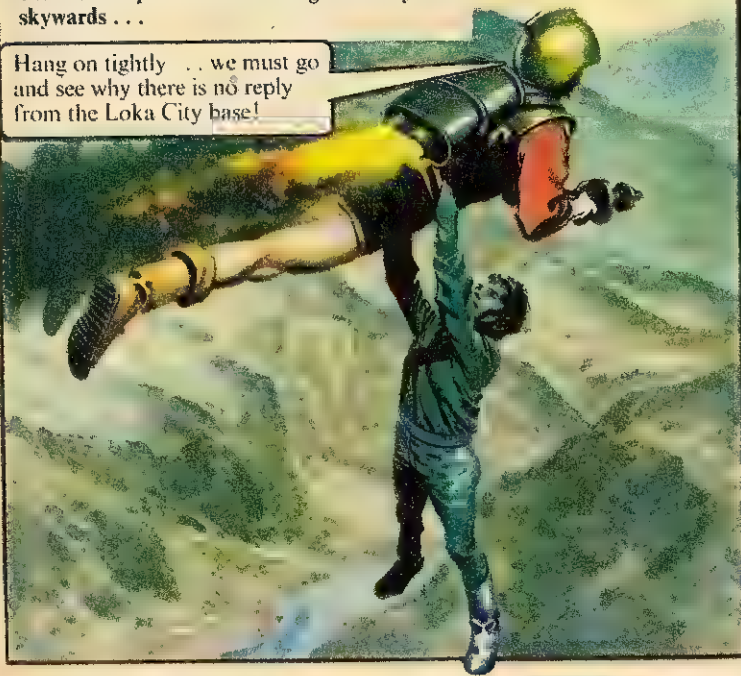
Take away the tyrant . . . and eliminate him!

You are a wild beast . . . and soon you will be nothing!



Meanwhile, in the land of Loka, Keren and the one man air patrol were clawing their way skywards . . .

Hang on tightly . . . we must go and see why there is no reply from the Loka City base!

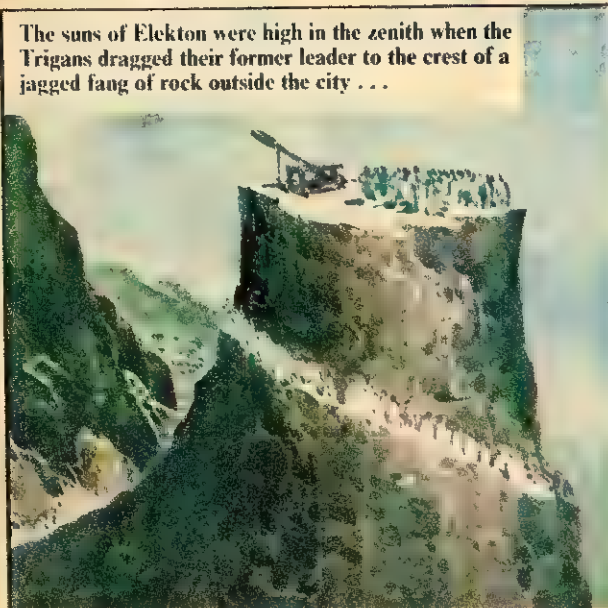


Presently they saw the column of smoke rising from the devastated base, and they knew they were too late!

The Lokans have already struck!



The suns of Elekton were high in the zenith when the Trigans dragged their former leader to the crest of a jagged fang of rock outside the city . . .



And there they bound him to the massive catapult that was to throw him into the abyss below . . .



Free me, I command you! . . . I am Trigo, the Lord of Life and Death over the Trigan Empire!

The order was given . . . the blade was raised on high, and flashing in the sunlight . . .



Now!

... When Keren's voice rang out from the sky!



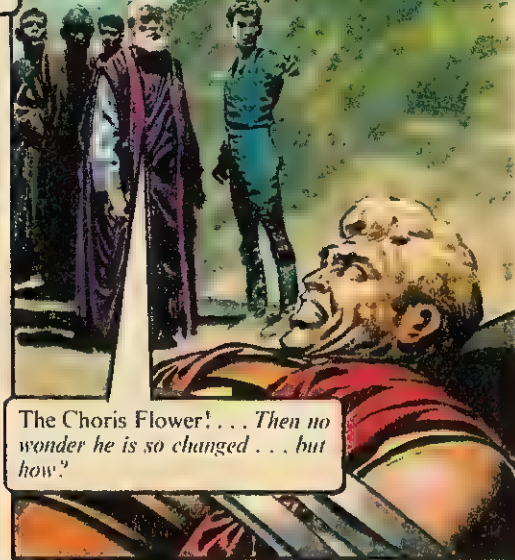
Breathlessly, Keren told them the terrible news.

Keren ... we thought you were no more!

The Lokans have risen ... they have captured the base at Loka City! ... and that isn't all ...



... Somehow the Lokans have found the means to poison Lord Trigo with the juice of the Choris Flower!



The Choris Flower! ... Then no wonder he is so changed ... but how?

Peric's daughter Salvia was able to provide the answer to the mystery.



The Lokan girl! ... the girl who sells sweetmeats in the market place ... she has been supplying Trigo with his favourite sweetmeat, right up till this morning!

The cunning of it ... the fiendish cunning of it!

Then the air was filled with the roar of oncoming engines, and a mass of atmosphere craft swooped low towards the city ...



They're some of ours!

Keren's voice rang out the warning ...

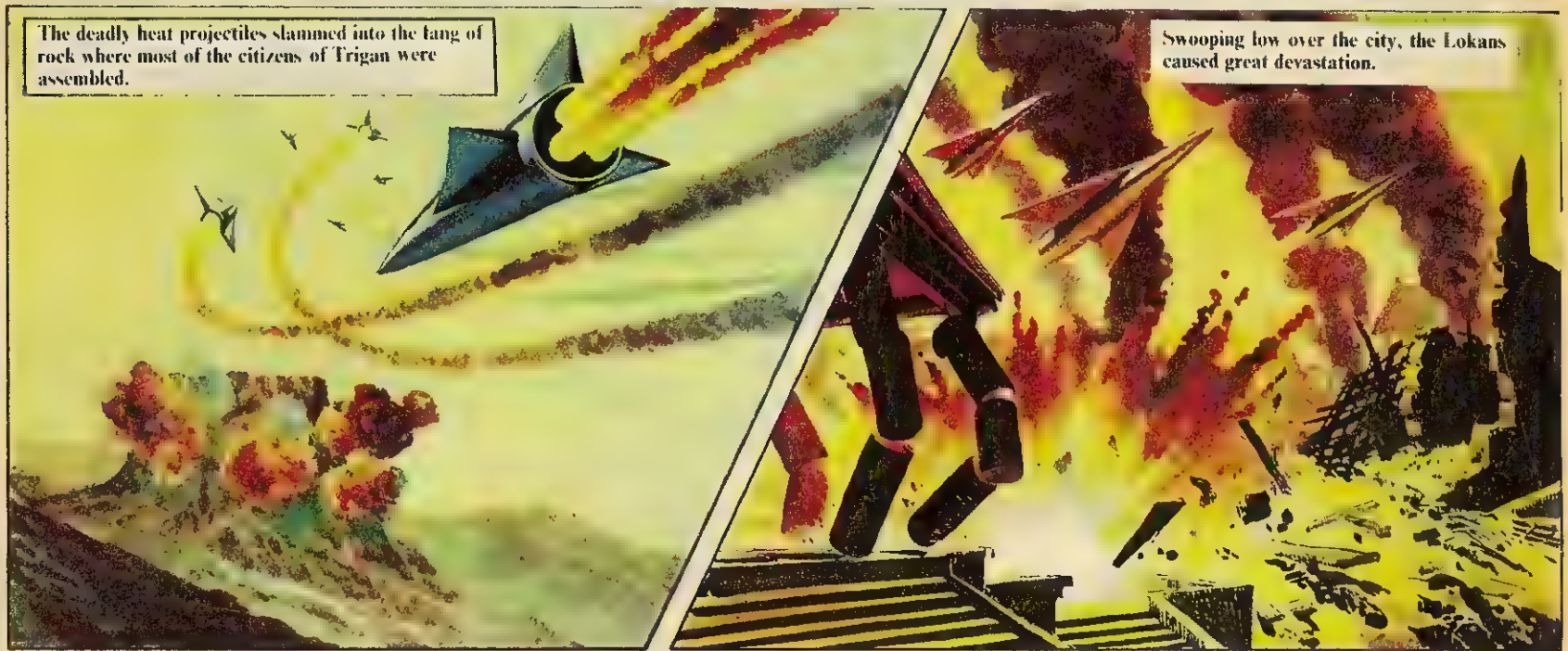


They're the craft of the Lokans captured from the base!

... and then the deadly missiles began to fly!

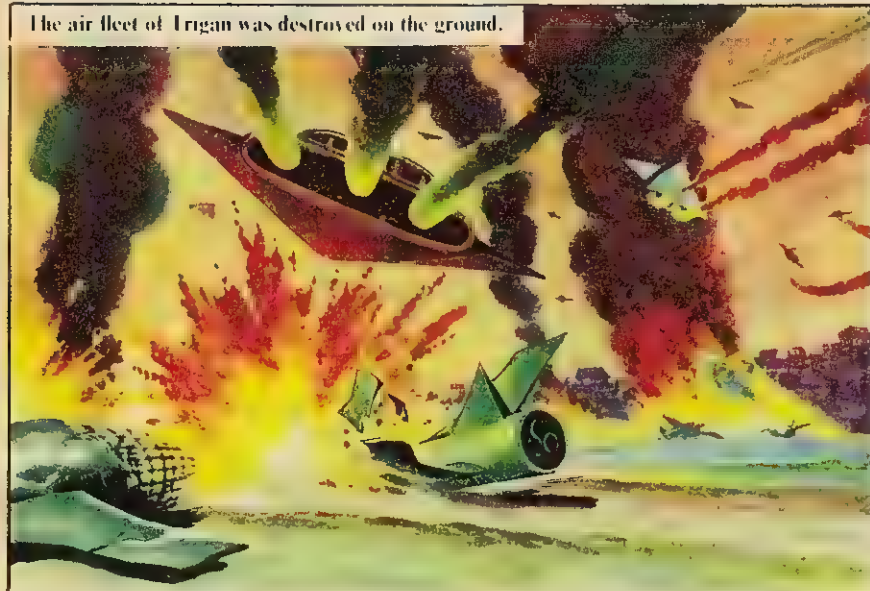
The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous Lokans have rebelled against the Triganes who occupy their country. Using captured atmosphere craft, they are attacking Trigan City itself, where Trigo the ruler has been turned into a raving tyrant by the poisoned Choris flower . . .

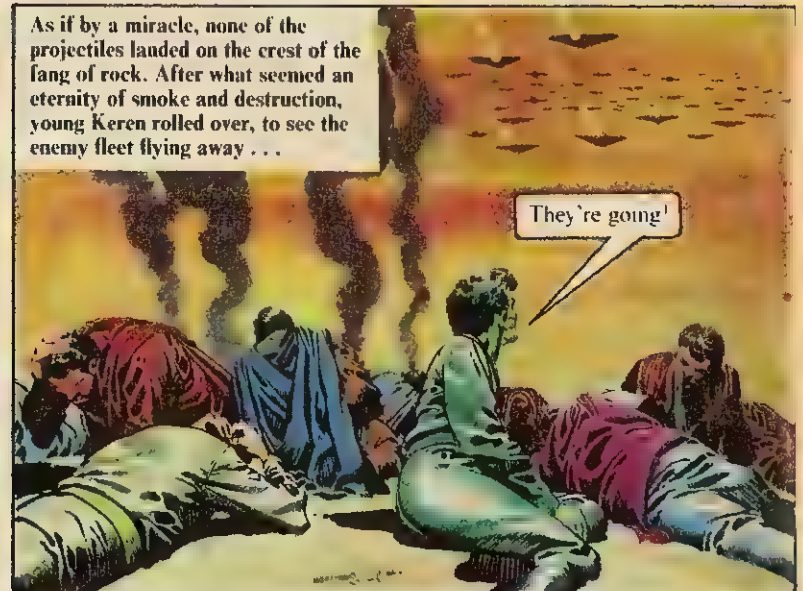


The deadly heat projectiles slammed into the fang of rock where most of the citizens of Trigan were assembled.

Swooping low over the city, the Lokans caused great devastation.



The air fleet of Trigan was destroyed on the ground.



As if by a miracle, none of the projectiles landed on the crest of the fang of rock. After what seemed an eternity of smoke and destruction, young Keren rolled over, to see the enemy fleet flying away . . .

They're going!



They're returning to Loka for more ammunition . . . but they'll be back!

And that will be the end of us all!



Then Trigo's voice was raised in savage mirth . . .

Ha! . . . Fate will repay you for trying to destroy Trigo the Mighty! When the suns go down tonight there'll be nothing left of Trigan, or any of you!



They stared in anguish at the man who had once been their beloved leader.

What are we going to do with Lord Trigo? . . . freeing him would be like releasing a wild beast!

I shall be avenged! the Lokans are no fools . . . they'll trample the Trigan Empire to dust . . . the people of the planet Elekton will forget that it ever existed!

Old Peric answered sorrowfully . . .



Take him away and guard him well . . . until he becomes himself again, we are leaderless!

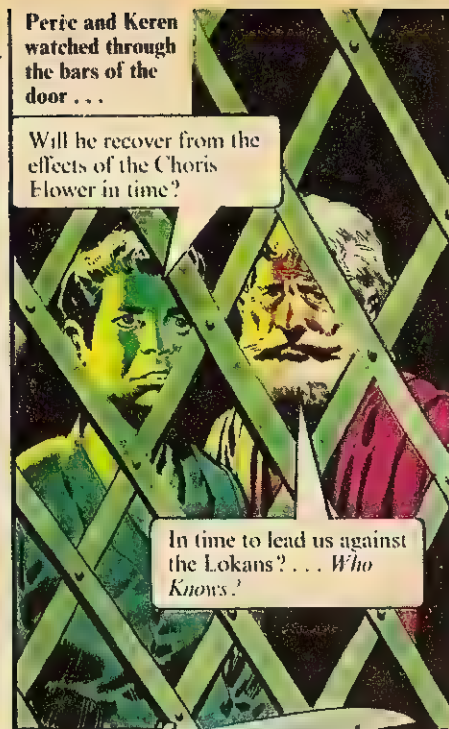
And so they locked Trigo in a cell. And there his poisoned mind gave way to wild thoughts of triumph and destruction.



DESTRUCTION TO TRIGAN!

Peric and Keren watched through the bars of the door . . .

Will he recover from the effects of the Choris Flower in time?



In time to lead us against the Lokans? . . . *Who Knows?*

Meanwhile, the triumphant Lokan rebels were sweeping over the border into the land of Trigan. . . at their head rode Kalek, the man who had planned the whole treacherous campaign.



Towards the late afternoon, the Lokan Air Fleet took off again for the bombardment of Trigan City . . .



And in Trigan, old Peric scanned the anxious faces of the chief officers . . . and despaired!



Do not look to me for leadership . . . only one man can save the Trigan Empire . . . and at this moment he is rejoicing in the thought of its imminent destruction!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous Lokans have rebelled against the Trigans who occupied their country, aided by the fact that Trigo the ruler of Trigan has been turned into a raving tyrant by the poisoned choris flower. They mount a devastating air attack on the city...



Back in Trigan, wise old Peric gave frantic orders for the defence of the city...



Down in the cell below the palace, Trigo awakened from a fitful sleep and looked about him in puzzlement.



The harsh, angry voice of Trigan's ruler brought guards running in the passage outside...



The guards hastened to obey . . . and were roughly thrust aside by their ruler.

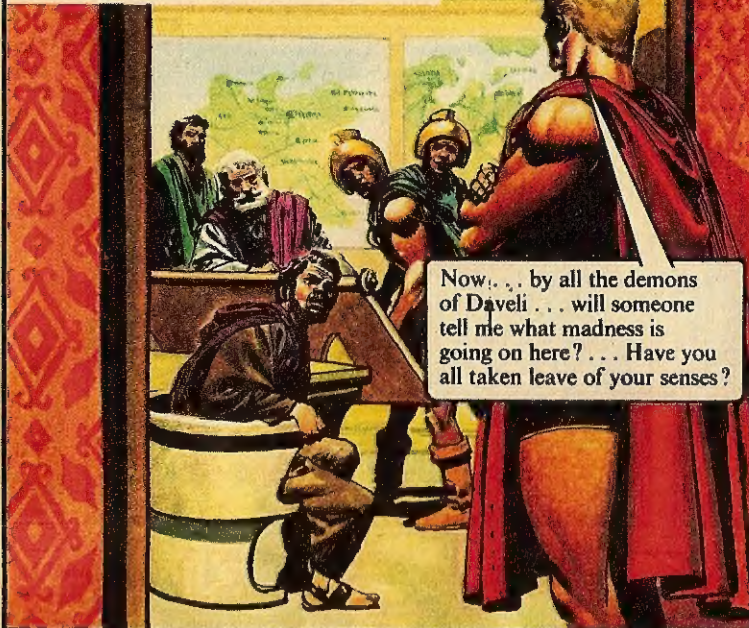
Lord Trigo . . . you are to remain here . . . by orders of Peric.

Peric? . . . How long has that old fool been giving orders in *my* empire?



Peric and the captains turned in amazement as he burst into the command room and lashed them all with his furious gaze.

Now, . . . by all the demons of Daveli . . . will someone tell me what madness is going on here? . . . Have you all taken leave of your senses?



In that moment, old Peric knew only heartfelt relief . . .

Thank the stars . . . Lord Trigo has recovered from the effects of the poison!



The situation was swiftly explained to Trigo, and he took immediate charge of the perilous situation.

As a General you make a very good scientist, Peric! The orders you have given would have ensured one thing . . . the utter destruction of the Trigan Empire!



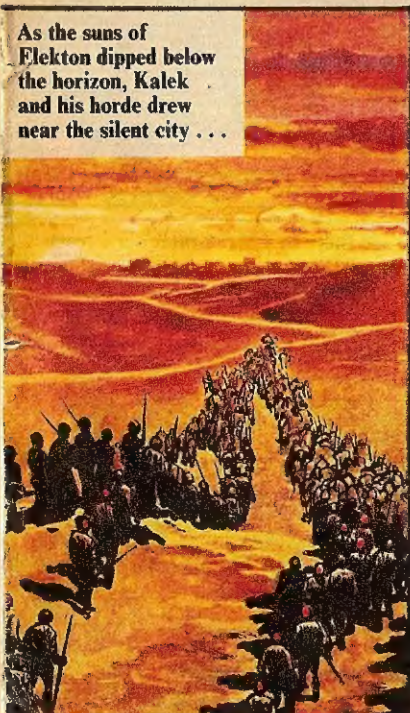
We have no Air Fleet left, and not enough men to defend the ramparts . . . Very well . . . here is what we will do . . . Listen . . .



An hour later, the Lokan air fleet circled the defenceless city and added to the terrible destruction of their first raid . . .

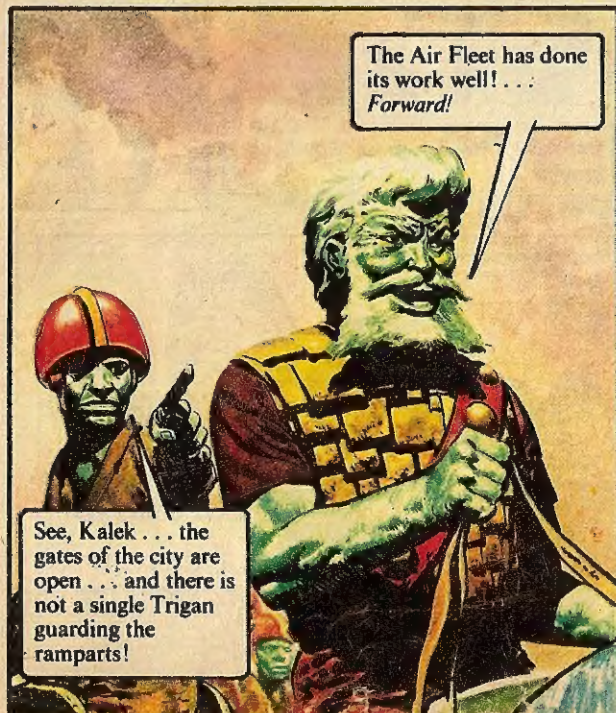


As the suns of Flekton dipped below the horizon, Kalek and his horde drew near the silent city . . .



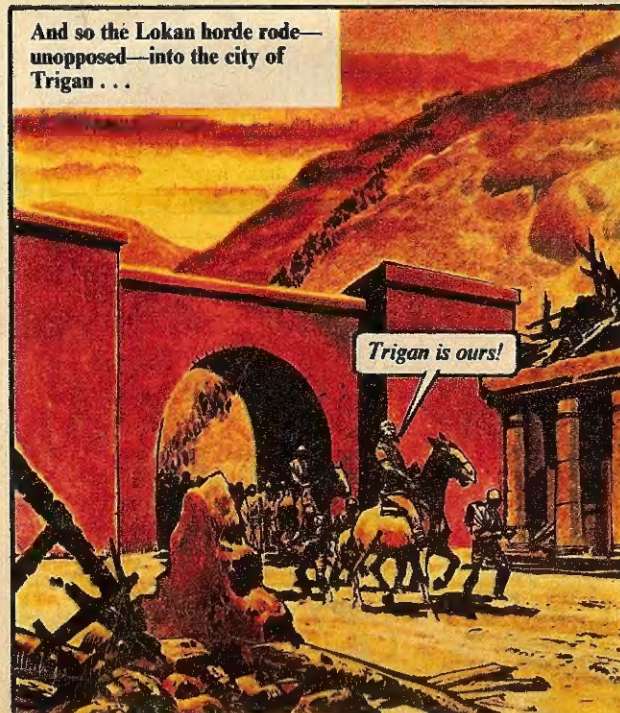
The Air Fleet has done its work well! . . . Forward!

See, Kalek . . . the gates of the city are open . . . and there is not a single Trigan guarding the ramparts!



And so the Lokan horde rode—unopposed—into the city of Trigan . . .

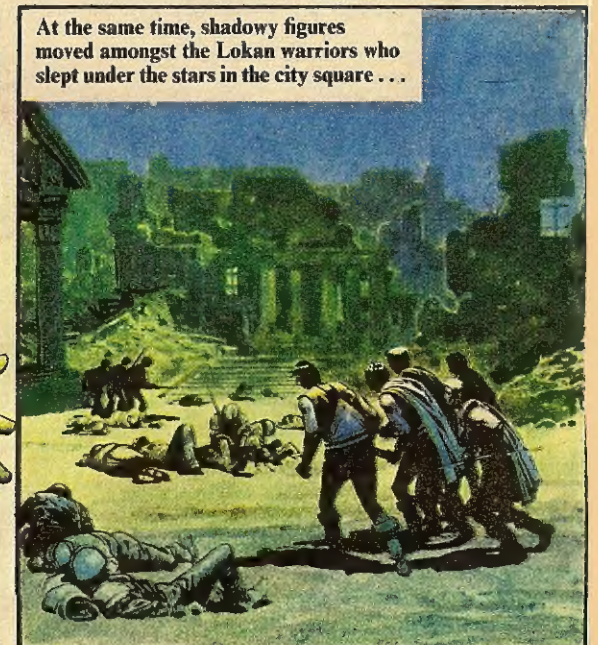
Trigan is ours!



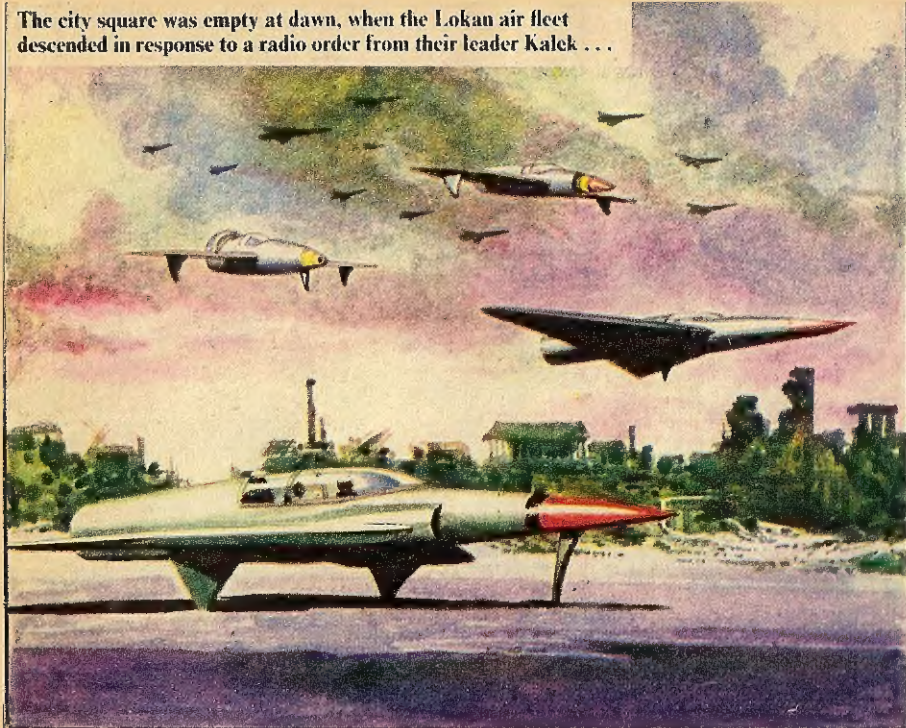
The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The treacherous Lokans have rebelled against the Trigans who occupied their country, aided by the poisonous choris flower with which they turned Trigo the ruler of Trigan into a tyrant.

Now the Lokans have entered Trigan City . . . all unaware that Trigo has recovered from the effects of the choris flower . . .



The city square was empty at dawn, when the Lokan air fleet descended in response to a radio order from their leader Kalek . . .



No sooner did the air crews alight from their atmosphere craft than they were surrounded by armed Trigans and taken prisoners!

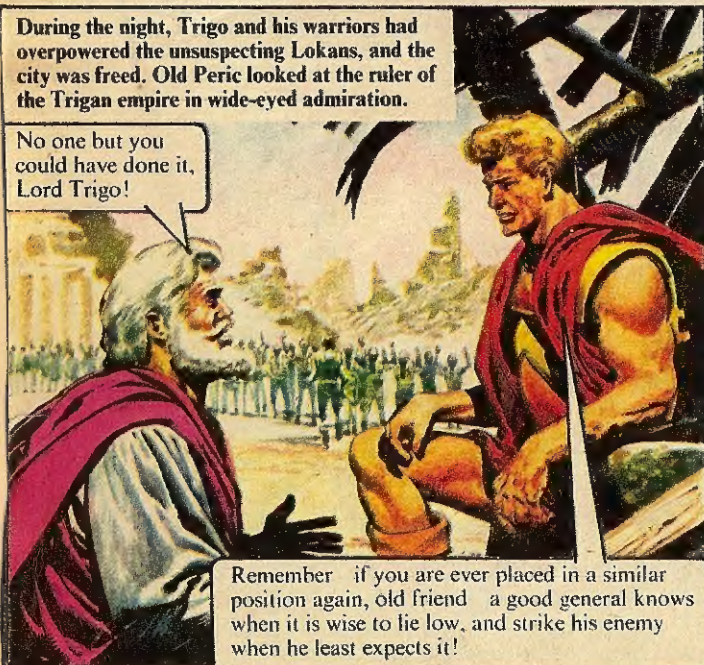
It's a trap . . . we've been tricked!



Hands on heads, Lokans, or it will be the worse for you!

During the night, Trigo and his warriors had overpowered the unsuspecting Lokans, and the city was freed. Old Peric looked at the ruler of the Trigan empire in wide-eyed admiration.

No one but you could have done it, Lord Trigo!



Remember if you are ever placed in a similar position again, old friend a good general knows when it is wise to lie low, and strike his enemy when he least expects it!

So did Trigo save his empire from the deep-laid plot of the rebellious Lokans. That same day, Kalek was told of the punishment for the rebellion.



Firstly . . . the Lokans will rebuild the city with their own hands, and then they will be allowed to return to their own country unharmed . . .

The judgement of Trigo was wise and far-seeing . . .

It is my intention that the Trigans and the Lokans live in peace. To this end, I shall order that the Lokans be treated with more consideration in the future, so that they will have no cause to rebel again.



Lord Trigo is as merciful as he is mighty!

Faithful Brag was freed from the mines, where he had been sent when his brother was suffering from the influence of the poisonous choris flower. Ruefully, he watched Trigo gazing thoughtfully at a sprig of the fateful flower . . .

That innocent-looking flower nearly spelt the end of us all, brother!



Indeed it did . . . and we must never forget!

And so—on the high walls of the city—the Trigans carved a representation of the choris flower, to remind succeeding generations how near the Trigan empire had been to destruction.

